

Hymns

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rs. E. Watson.

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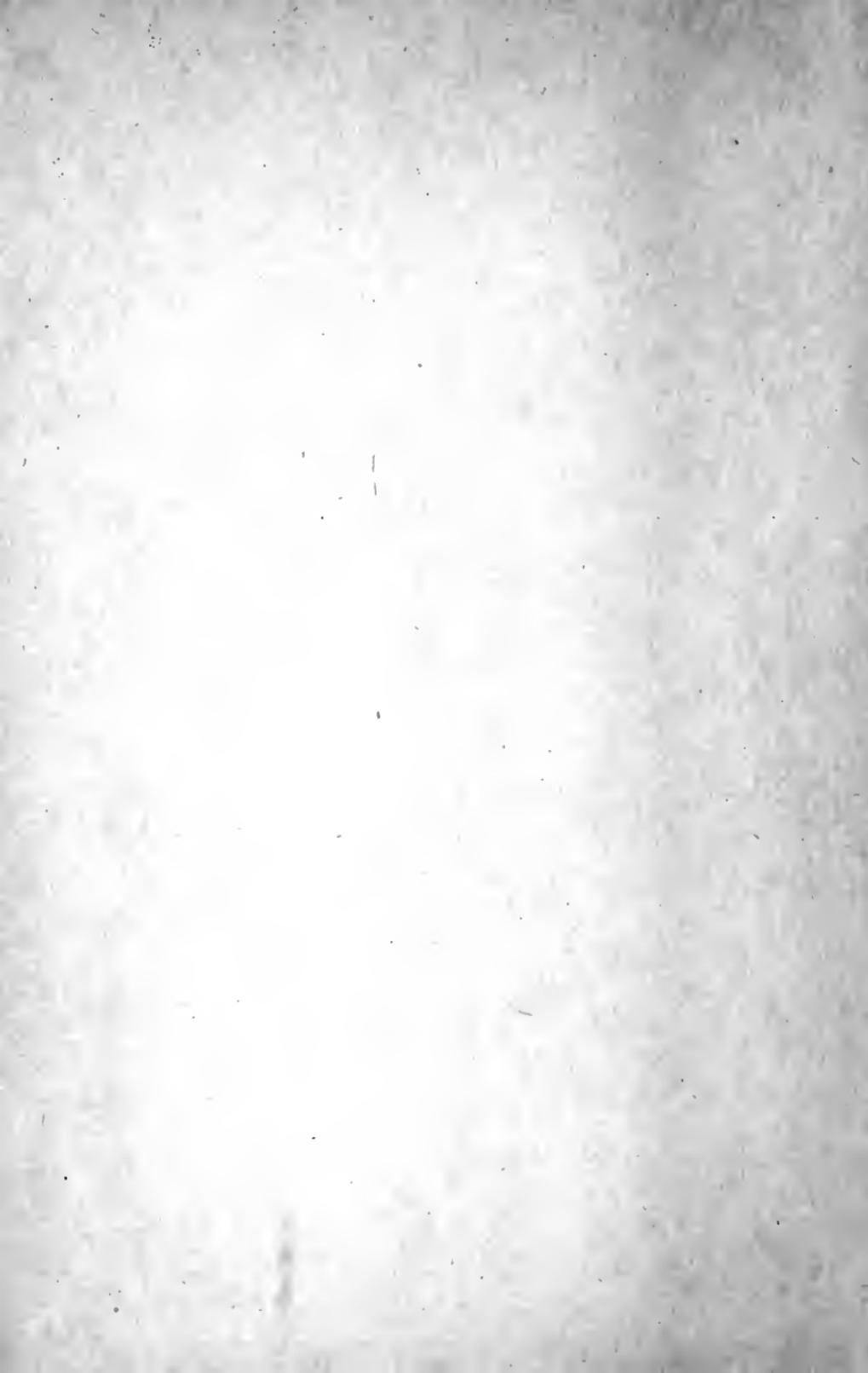
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB
6475

Division

Section







HYMNS

In Harmony with Modern Thought

COMPILED BY ✓

ALFRED W. MARTIN,

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and of the Seattle Society for Universal Religion

Every new religious truth discovered by the intellect awakens corresponding emotions in the heart, and to give that thought and feeling expression in song is one of the finest spiritual aids to the elevation of life.

MDCCCCI.



PREFACE.

This Hymnal has been prepared in response to a deeply felt need. How far it will succeed in meeting the recognized need remains for the reader to judge. In making the collection the compiler has sought to save as many of the old familiar hymns as possible, and in all cases where a slight modification of the text would spare a hymn for modern use he has taken the liberty of making the necessary change. In some instances this was already done by earlier compilers, notably by Mr. James H. West, from whose "Hymns of Sincerity" several numbers were borrowed.

In any new compilation many suitable hymns are certain to be missed, but it is hoped that such omissions will be construed as due to the prescribed limits of the collection.

Whatever advantages there may be in having hymns identified with tunes, the compiler, after careful thought and considerable consultation with experienced persons, decided against the publication of music in conjunction with the text. An unrivalled collection of over nine hundred tunes has been issued by Messrs. Novello & Co., New

York, supplying an admirable variety of music for choir and congregational singing.

It will be observed that in addition to the topical index which precedes the hymns there is also at the end of the book an index of first lines and also one of authors.

The compiler's sincere thanks are due to all those who have granted him the privilege of reprinting their verse, and also to Mr. F. W. Low for valued assistance in the preparation of the book for the press. If any copyrighted hymns have been selected, it will be acknowledged with genuine regret. Imperfect as the collection is, it is hoped that in some measure it will meet the need in response to which it has been issued.

A. W. M.

TACOMA, January 1st, 1901.

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No. I.

7s M.

Sunday Meeting.

What has drawn us thus apart,
From the common daily round,
Bringing here a lowly heart,
Standing as on holy ground ?

Not the scorn of humble things—
Simplest task that love can find—
Not the thought of pride that brings
Laggard will and restless mind.

Nay, but here upon the height,
Rapt from idle cares away,
Fain our souls would see a light,
Herald of the coming day.

Morning visions high and pure,
Glorious things that are to be,
Faith and hope that shall endure,
Love's abiding unity ;

All the things that make for peace
In the daily toil and strife ;
All that can our part increase
In the world's diviner life.

John W. Chadwick.

No. 2.

L. M.

Together.

What purpose burns within our hearts
That we together here should stand,
Pledging each other mutual vows,
And ready hand to join in hand ?

We see, in vision fair, a time
When evil shall have passed away ;
And thus we dedicate our lives
To hasten on that blessed day ;—

To seek the truth whate'er it be,
To follow it where'er it leads,
To turn to facts our dreams of good,
And coin our lives in loving deeds.

For this we gather here today ;
To such a fellowship we bring
Our utmost love and loyalty,
And make our souls an offering.

M. J. Savage.

No. 3.

L. M.

Children of the Day.

Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil !
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Roman Breviary.

Tr. by Edward Caswall.

No. 4.

IOS.

To Be Alive !

We wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, " How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive ! "

Lo ! all around us his bright servants stand :
And if with frowning brows for their disguise,
Yet with such wells of love in their deep eyes,
And so strong rescue hidden in their hands !

And ever towards new heights we still may strive—
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand ; and, having died, feel none the less,
How beautiful it is to be alive !

H. S. Sutton.

No. 5.

L. M.

Morning.

O upward-springing Morning light !
Forth-bursting from the caves of Night
To dissipate earth's pall and gloom,
And for man's work and ways make room !

Beneath thy all-enkindling ray
Our souls expand to greet the Day,
And fain would catch, on Wisdom's road,
The light to Life's serene abode !

When shall man's acts be based on Law,
Till nations show nor stain nor flaw ?
Nor man from Virtue's fairer heights
Be held by ancient appetites ?

O flame of ever brightening Truth !
Earth's waywardness, as of its youth,
Dispel, revealing manhood's strength,
That life diviner be at length !

James H. West.

No. 6.

L. M.

Greeting.

O Life that makest all things new—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again :
From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The lovers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God ;
The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death —
The Life that maketh all things new !

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 7.

L. M.

Reverence and Joy.

Oh ! Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of Being's wondrous sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood !
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh may we still in reverence dwell ;
And through thy ceaseless web still trace
Thy presence working all things well.

May we in every joyous thrill
Feel deep the tone of reverent awe ;
Be pure thy creature's erring will,
And quick his heart to love thy law.

John Sterling (adapted).

No. 8.

7s M.

The Indwelling Life.

Thou whose spirit dwells in all,
Primal source of life and mind ;
In the clod as in the soul,
Ever full and unconfined !

What shall separate from thee ?
Nought of all created things :
Joy and sorrow, good and ill,
Each from thee its essence brings.

Thine the atom's faintest thrill ;
Thine the humblest creature's breath ;
Prophet-soul in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death ;

Yearning for the crowning race,
Man, in whom at last is told
Every secret strange and sweet,
From the farthest days of old.

John W. Chadwick.

No. 9.

L. M.

The Universal Spirit.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding influence more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Nathanael L. Frothingham.

No. 10.

C. M.

The Garment Thou Seest Him By.

Thy seamless robe conceals thee not,
From earnest hearts and true ;
The glory of thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.

And on its flowing hem we read,
As thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign ;
Thy order and thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.

These are thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore ;
These are our confidence and peace :
We cannot wish for more..

John W. Chadwick,

No. 11.

C. M.

Liberty.

O, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of Power within !
And bring thy glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.

The inward, deep disease,
Spirit of Health remove !
Spirit of perfect Holiness !
Spirit of perfect Love !

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity ;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

No. 12.

C. M.

The Thought of God.

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn affords some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board ;
And rising in my inner skies,
Shines forth the thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod ;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

No. 13.

Z. M.

Universal Law.

O, may our spirits learn to reach
The truths that love hath power to teach,
And may we feel with joyful awe
The omnipresent reign of law.

That law doth reign gives truth and right,
Howe'er despised a conquering might,
And makes each fondly cherished lie
And boasting wrong to cower and die.

Law's patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love to come to naught.

May such a faith our souls sustain,
Free, true and calm; in joy and pain,
That even by our fidelity
The Ideal may the nearer be !

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 14.

C. M.

All at Worship.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far :
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star ;

The blue sky is the temple's arch ;
Its transept, earth and air ;
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began ;
And all her signs and voices shame
A prayerless heart in man.

J. G. Whittier.

No. 15.

C. M.

Eternal Love.

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above ;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes ;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

John G. Whittier.

No. 16.

7s M.

Inspiration.

Holy Spirit, Love divine !
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power divine !
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine !
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine !
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquility.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 17.

L. M.

The Omnipresent Life.

God of the earth, the sky, the sea !
Maker of all above, below !
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air ;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power ; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, Let there be light !

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold ;
Thine image and thyself are there—
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 18.

10s M. 6 lines.

Unity.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day !
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer ;
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow Truth, and so be one with thee !

John W. Chadwick.

No. 19.

L. M.

The Eternal Faith.

Eternal One, thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged reveal !
With whom their way our fathers trod ;
The hand they held, in ours we feel.

The same our trust, the same our need,
In sorrow's stress, in duty's hour
We keep their faith if not their creed---
That faith the fount of all our power.

We glory in the growing light
The advancing thought, the widening view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight
Which from the old unfolds the new.

With wider view come loftier goal !
With fuller light, more good to see ;
With freedom, truer self-control ;
With knowledge, deeper reverence be !

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 20.

C. M.

Changeless.

Thou who, Immutable and One
Through varying forms dost range,
The abiding life, the steadfast law,
Deep at the heart of change.

Our restless life sweeps ever on,
To regions new and strange ;
But may our hearts the abiding find,
The changeless 'mid all change !

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 21.

6s and 4s.

Godward.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer alway ;
Even though thou other be
Than prophets say ;
Other thou art but higher,
:|| Bidding our souls aspire, ||:
Godward alway.

Doubt comes from God in sooth,
Though conquering creeds ;
Doubt prompts our search for truth
And higher leads.
Who on doubt's path ne'er trod,
:|| Ne'er saw the face of God :||:
Doubt truthward speeds.

God is man's truthward call,
Noblest desire.
He's in life cosmical,
Love's holy fire.
Thou who art All in All
:|| God superpersonal, ||:
Lead Thou us higher.

Paul Carus.

No. 22.

L. M.

Another Day.

O God, I thank thee for each sight
 Of beauty that thy hand doth give—
For sunny skies and air and light ;
 O God, I thank thee that I live !

That life I consecrate to thee ;
 And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
 And thank thee for another morn-

Another day in which to cast
 Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
 May do good work for man and God.

No. 23.

L. M.

Vesper Hymn.

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls ;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care !

Life's tumult we must meet again ;
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell !

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 24.

8.7.8.5.

The Purpose of Life.

Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime ?

Early hath life's mighty question,
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching—
What, and where, is truth ?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend ;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end ;

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit, which within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, with purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

John G. Whittier.

No. 25.

7s.

Life's Ends.

Not for false and fleeting joys,
Pleasure that while tasted cloys,
Not for self-inflicted woe,
Were we all placed here below.

But for wisdom, happiness,
Blessed life, and life to bless ;
Love, the soul of deity,
Progress through eternity.

Adapted.

No. 26.

L. M.

The Blessed Life.

O blessed life ! the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made our's, the best.

O blessed life ! the mind that sees—
Whatever change the years may bring—
Some good still hid in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life ! heart, mind and soul,
From selfish aims and wishes free,
Aspiring to Integrity
And loyal to the Ideal's control.

Adapted.

No. 27.

8s and 7s Double.

A Creed.

I believe in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.

I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy ;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul :
I believe in Love renewing
All that sin [e'er sweeps] away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day.

"Good Words."

No. 28.

7s and 6s.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For ideals high above me
That demand their sacred due,
For all human ties that bind me,
For the tasks divine assigned me,
For the bright hopes once behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live for those who need me,
For those whose lives are sad,
For the helpfulness of sympathy
And the joy of making glad,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Adapted.

No. 29.

8s and 7s.

Life's Meaning.

O the happiness of living
When we claim a lofty work !
'Tis in faithful future Doing
That the good of man shall lurk.

Are not we a part of Nature ?
Then to us the new-age call
The long prayer of years to answer,
And on earth bring peace for all.

Life shall then have purpose for us—
We shall see it is divine ;
And in fact, not dreamings longer,
Will the "flower-wreathed Aidenn" shine.

Not in vain we seek Life's meaning ;
If we lift our heedful eyes
Voices everywhere enthral us—
The whole universe replies.

James H. West.

No. 30.

7s.

The Builders.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time :
Some with massive deeds and great
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low :
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled :
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Longfellow.

No. 31.

8s and 7s.

Reveille.

Wake, my soul ! Enough of slumber !
Dream no more the hours away--
These bright hours that, in the counting,
Make our hopeful earthly day.

Fields of action lie before thee,
Beautiful and grand and true :
Wilt thou linger by the wayside
With the happy goal in view ?

Wilt thou cease from thine endeavor
When thy task is almost done ?
Wilt thou lay aside thine armor
Ere the battle's fully won ?

Nay, but with a will unwearied
Still press on—no duty shirk ;
Thus earth's life divine draws nearer,
Victory shall crown thy work !

Emma E. Hicks (adapted).

No. 32.

7s.

Fill the Moments.

"I am to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show, let me do it now."

Fill the moments one by one
With good actions wisely done.
What thou canst of love to-day
Do it, and 'twill live alway.

Time the minutes sickles down ;
Weave of them a golden crown :
In thy breast the bloom of youth,
In thy hand the staff of truth.

Cheerily thy speech employ,
All shall share thine oil of joy.
Be thou generous and free,
Life shall ne'er unfruitful be.

Adapted.

No. 33.

L. M., 6 lines.

Thyself Within.

Amid the ceaseless loss and change
Of time and friends and all below—
(O things we love ! how swift ye go !
O things that are ! how new and strange !)—
Ah, whither shall our spirits range
A more Eternal life to know !

In Syria, Ind or Egypt sought,
One answer only have the years
Sent down to banish doubts and fears :—
Within Thyself must Heaven be caught
And captive held—or all is tears !
For this saints died and martyrs fought.

Thyself within ! Thyself within !
O friend ! find here thy strength, thy peace.
Pray not that loss and change may cease—
Pray rather, higher heights to win !
Thy spirit's Godward wings release,
And soar thee where thou art akin !

James H. West.

No. 34.

IOS.

The Everlasting Yea.

Soul, struggle on ! Within the darkest night
Still broods the majesty deathless right.
If to its promptings clear thou still art true,
Life's larger, sweeter lights will flash to view.

The stars will shine, and the blue pomp of day,
And to thine ear the Everlasting Yea
Will breathe its music and its lofty song :
And we shall know that Beauty still is strong ;

That there is Heart and Life, the Pure, the Fair ;
That Good is radiant in the sunny air,
And Wisdom shaping to remotest star,
And Love is yearning where the lowest are.

Adapted.

No. 35.

7s.

The Soul's Prophecy.

All before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind :
All before us is the Day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Less is ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings paradise around.

Emerson's "Dial."

No. 36.

C. M.

To-day.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
 New love to give and take ;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
 To-day, for love's sweet sake.

New hopes to open in the sun ;
 New efforts worth the will ;
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
 More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
 Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me,
 Undreamed of fruit may grow.

No. 37.

8s and 7s.

One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall :
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee—
Let thy whole strength go to each :
Let no future dreams elate thee ;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Hath its task to do or bear :
Strive then to be truly holy,
Doing each with whole-souled care.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

No. 38.

8s and 7s.

Work.

Work ! it is thy highest mission.

Work ! all blessing centres there.

Work for culture, for the vision

Of the true and good and fair.

'Tis of knowledge the condition,

Opening still new fields beyond ;

'Tis of thought the full fruition ;

'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work in helping, loving union

With thy brethren of mankind :

With the foremost hold communion.

Succor those who toil behind.

For true work can never perish,

And thy followers in the way

For thy works thy name shall cherish :

Work while it is called to-day !

F. M. White.

No. 39.

C. M.

Aspiration.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam ;
But high she shoots thro' air and light
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So may I, too, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft thro' virtue's purer air
Still hold my course to thee.
O goal of life ! no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs,
And keeps idealward her way,
With freedom in her wings !

Thomas Moore (adapted).

No. 40.

S. M.

It is nigh thee, in thy heart.

Say not the law divine
Is hidden far from thee :
That heavenly law within may shine
And there its brightness be.

Soar not, my soul, on high,
To bring it down to earth :
No star within the vaulted sky
Is of such priceless worth.

Thou need'st not launch thy bark
Upon a shoreless sea,
Breasting its waves to find the ark,
To bring this dove to thee.

Cease then, my soul, to roam ;
Thy wanderings all are vain :
That holy word is found at home,
Within thy heart its reign.

Bernard Barton.

No. 41.

L. M.

The Call.

So let our lips and lives express
The glorious gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim indeed,
Our free religious power to lead
To victory o'er the powers of sin
The spirit-forces throned within.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride,
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our soul's ideal of life approve.

Our gospel bears our spirits up,
While we sustain the blessed hope
That life shall set at nought death's claim,
And consummate each high-born aim.

Watts (adapted).

No. 42.

8.8.8.

How Live?

So shall we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power:

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

Lord Houghton.

No. 43.

C. M.

The Open Soul.

Lie open, soul ; around the press
A thousand things of worth ;
All glory and all holiness
Are waiting to have birth.

Lie open ; love and duty stand,
Thy guardian angels near,
To lead thee gently by the hand—
Their words of welcome hear.

Lie open, soul ; the Beautiful,
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull,
And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, soul ; in watchfulness
Each brighter glory win ;
The universe thy heart shall bless
And strength shall enter in.

No. 44.

L. M.

Idealward.

Born in each heart is impulse strong
Aloft towards heaven its path to trace.
Even as the lark its thrilling song
Sings till all lost in azure space.

As eagle soaring sweeps amain
O'er bleak untrodden pine-clad height.
As struggling homeward still the crane
Urges o'er plain and marsh her flight.

Up then, my soul, and never flag !
Soaring the marsh of error past,
Thro' clouds of doubt, o'er trial's crag,
Struggle to home in truth at last !

S. Coit.

No. 45.

6s.

Life.

Life is onward--use it
With a forward aim,
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will ;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward—try it,
Ere the day is lost.
It hath virtue—buy it
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

"The Dial," 1841.

No. 46.

D. L. M.

The Things that Are More Excellent.

As we wax older on this earth,

Till many a toy that charmed us seems
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,

And mean as dust and dead as dreams—
For gauds that perished, shows that passed,

Some recompense the Fates have sent :
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,

The things that are more excellent.

The grace of friendship—mind and heart

Linked with their fellow heart and mind ;

The gains of science, gifts of art ;

The sense of oneness with our kind ;

The thirst to know and understand—

A large and liberal discontent ;

These are the goods in life's rich hand,

The things that are more excellent.

William Watson.

No. 47.

C. M.

Self-Control.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

John Henry Newman.

No. 48.

L. M.

The Better Life.

O thou whose smile is life and peace,
Whose love folds all, from flower to star !
Bid thou these inward tumults cease—
Give victory o'er the outward war.

O for a more harmonious life,
Whose thoughts and acts from discord free,
Out from the heart of alien strife
Shall rise an anthem unto Thee !

O for a wiser, deeper faith,
Whose fragrance to the skies shall roll,
Whose roots, secure from drought and death,
Sink to the center of the soul !

Each selfish purpose bring to nought,
Each budding sin in mercy blight,
And cleanse the buried springs of thought,
That crystal streams may gush to light.

F. E. Abbot, Ph. D.

No. 49.

L. M.

The Way to Life.

Live thou thy life ; nor take thou heed
 Of shades or shapes of threatening ill :
Walk thou where nature's footsteps lead,
 And work in lowliness her will.

Let duty to thy soul be dear ;
 In doubt and weakness scorn to grope ;
Be steadfast, having nought to fear ;
 Be joyful, having much to hope.

For courage treads a thornless road,
 While shadows fright the fearful soul,
And hope will ease thee of thy load ;
 And faith will bring thee to thy goal.

Live thou thy life, and ere it end
 Some grace acquire, some good bestow ;
When death shall come, thy final friend,
 Nor long to leave, nor fear to go.

A. Williams.

No. 50.

L. M.

The Happy Soul.

How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his only skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath !

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

No. 51.

S. M.

My Wants.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
My soul's ideal to claim.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill ;

A soul prepared for pain,
For hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Right when sin is near,
And sees temptation fly ;

Give me on thee to wait,
Spirit of Life within !
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew !

C. Wesley (adapted).

No. 52.

L. M.

On the Mount.

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here—
We cry, the heavenly presence near ;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies !

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through weary days
We travel our appointed ways.

The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
Wherein a nobler life shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

F. L. Hosmer.

No. 53.

L. M.

Long Life.

He liveth long who liveth well ;
All else is life but thrown away :
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure :
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

H. Bonar.

No. 54.

C. M.

Truth Shall Make Us Free.

Come, sound the praise of Truth's fair name,
Sing loud on shore and sea ;
Its worth has earned undying fame—
For truth makes all men free.

Before its lessons grand and bright
Nations shall bend the knee,
And captives spring to meet the light,
For Truth shall make them free.

Though Slavery's dull and rusted chain
May tell its time-old plea,
And bind men's minds for power and gain,
Yet Truth shall make them free.

Then sing again the joyful song,
Loud let our praises be ;
For right at last shall conquer wrong,
And Truth make all men free.

Susan H. Wizon,

No. 55.

7s and 6s M.

The Truth.

O Star of Truth, down shining
Through clouds of doubt and fear,
I ask but 'neath your guidance
 My pathway may appear.
However long the journey,
 How hard soe'er it be,
Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee !

The bleeding feet of martyrs
 Thy toilsome road have trod ;
But fires of human passion
 May light the way to God.
Then, thongh my feet should falter,
 While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
 Lead on, I'll follow thee !

Minot J. Savage.

No. 56.

8.7.8.7.

Show Forth the Truth.

He who has the truth, and keeps it,
Keeps not what to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman,
He at best is but a slave.

He who hears the truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Be thou like the first apostles—
Be thou like heroic Paul ;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly—speak it all !

J. G. Whittier.

No. 57.

C. M.

The Spirit of Truth.

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find ;—

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin !
Hail, Truth divine ! we know thee now ;
Angel of God, come in !

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die :
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Flood our dark life with golden day :
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.

No. 58.

L. M.

Freedom to Find Truth.

O Church of Freedom and of Faith
Give ear to what the spirit saith—
“ Behold, I set an open door
Before thee, to be shut no more.”

Then let no impious hands e'er dare
To shut out God's free light and air ;
Let never bigots' narrow wall
Shut in the grace which flows for all !

May we who gather here to-day
To more of Truth yet find the way
And in high service bear our part
With open mind and open heart.

And O may all who gather here
Hold reverence precious, freedom dear,
And to the Spirit more and more
Be every soul an open door !

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 59.

6s.

Three Guides.

Three guides, already mine,
I'll trust to lead me on
Where sun of peace doth shine,
A cloudless benizon.

And next there doth abide
Sweet Hope—of Life the twin.
It cannot be denied ;
It dwells the heart within.

The trio is complete
With Love—the force divine
That melts our dross with heat,
Till hearts like gold are fine.

O good and loyal guides :
My wayward footsteps turn.
Where'er the path divides,
Let me the right discern.

Emilie H. Darrow.

No. 60.

L. M.

The Battlefield.

O, nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot !
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Heed not the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Old Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers ;
Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again ;
Th' eternal years of God are hers !

W. C. Bryant.

No. 61.

C. M.

The Glorious Host.

He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth—
He joins the noble host !

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong—
He joins the sacred host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still—
He joins the faithful host !

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 62.

8s and 7s, 8 lines.

The Choice.

Once to every man and nation
 Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
 For the good or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
 Offers each the bloom or blight—
And the choice goes by forever
 'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with Truth is noble
 When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit
 And 'tis prosperous to be just ;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
 While the coward stands aside
Till the multitude make virtue
 Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
 Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong ;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be Wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the Shadow,
 Keeping watch above his own !

James Russell Lowell.

No. 63.

C. M.

Loyalty.

Be true to every inmost thought ;
Be as thy thought, thy speech ;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Show forth thy light ! If conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow ;
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

Face thou the wind ! Though safer seem
In shelter to abide ;
We were not made to sit and dream ;
The true must first be tried.

Henry Alford.

No. 64.

7.7.7.7. D.

True Freedom.

Men whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free—
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell.

No. 65.

8s and 7s, Double.

Battle.

Dost thou hear the bugle sounding,
Calling thee to take the field?
'Tis a battle all are waging :
Thou must fight or thou must yield,
'Tis a battle of the ages :
No man may the gage refuse.
Fight on one side or the other,
No man can decline to choose.

If from off the field thou fliest,
Even thus thou art a foe :
Who for truth no sword uplifteth
He for error strikes a blow.
He who bravely fights must conquer ;
None can e'er defeated be ;
For, to soldiers in such battles,
Death itself is victory.

M. J. S.

No. 66.

6s and 4s.

Our Guides.

All hail, God's angel, Truth !
In whose immortal youth
 Fresh graces shine :
To her sweet majesty,
Forever bend the knee,
And all her beauty see,
 And wealth divine.

Thanks for the names that light
The path of Truth and Right
 And Freedom's way :
For all whose life doth prove
The might of Faith, Hope, Love,
Thousands of hearts to move,
 A power to-day !

W. Newell.

No. 67.

L. M.

Duty.

Thou, whose name is blazoned forth
On our banner's gleaming fold,
Freedom ! all thy sacred worth
Never yet has half been told.

But to-day we sing of one
Older, graver far than thou ;
With the seal of time begun
Stamped upon her awful brow.

She is Duty : in her hand
Is a sceptre heaven-brought ;
Hers the accent of command,
Hers the dreadful mystic Ought.

But her bondage is so sweet !
And her burdens make us strong :
Wings they seem to weary feet,
Laughter to our lips and song.

Wheresoever she may lead,
Freshly burdened every day,
Freedom, make us free to speed
In her ever brightening way !

J. W. Chadwick.

No. 68.

11.8.9.8.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true ;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need ;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind.
And honor will honor meet :
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do ;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Anon.

No. 69.

8s and 7s.

Beauty and Duty.

All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie ;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Following every voice of mercy,
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor,
Still be sure to do our part.

Now today and not tomorrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the duties waiting on us,
Lie undone when comes the night.

Now today and not tomorrow—
Lest before tomorrow's sun
We, too, mournfully departing
Shall have left our work undone.

Anon.

No. 70.

L. M.

Seeds and Deeds.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds
 With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours,
 Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
 Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the heart of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
 In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
 In life or death since time begun,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man.

James Russell Lowell.

No. 71.

L. M.

True Honor.

The heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold ;
It needs not fortune to be great,
While there's a coin surpassing gold.

No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure ;
A little mind hath little means,
A narrow heart is always poor.

'Tis not the house that honour makes,
True honour is a thing divine ;
It is the mind precedence takes,
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

Charles Swain.

No. 72.

L. M., 6 lines.

Thy Strife Divine.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides ;
The spirit boweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides ;
But tasks in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done :
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost rest in Nature's eye,
Triumphant in thy self-control,
Thy struggling, tasked morality—
“ Ah, child ! ” she cries, “ that strife divine,
It was the life of God in thine ! ”

M. Arnold.

No. 73.

L. M.

Old and New.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right,
And step by step since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shores :
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier.

No. 74.

7s.

Victory.

Stainless soldier on the wall !

Knowing this, he knows no more
Whoso fights, and whoso falls,
Justice conquers evermore !

He who battles on her side,

God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain.

And forever ! But his foe,

Self-assured that he prevails,
See aloft the red right Arm
Straight redress the eternal scales.

R. W. Emerson.

No. 75.

P. M.

Duty and Immortality.

For me—to have made one soul
The better for my birth :
To have added but one flower,
To the garden of the earth.

To have struck one blow for truth
In the daily fight with lies :
To have done one deed of right
In the face of calumnies.

To have sown in the souls of men
One thought that will not die—
To have furthered the World Ideal :
Shall be immortality.

Edwin Hitch, D. D.

No. 76.

C. M.

Consecration.

O Thou whose law is in the sky,
Whose light is on the sea,
Who livest in the human heart,
We give ourselves to thee.
In love that binds mankind in one,
That serves all those in need,
Whose law is helpful sympathy,
In this we're thine indeed.

In fearless world-wide search for truth,
Whatever form it wear,
Or crown, or cross, or fame, or blame,
We thine ourselves declare.
To truth, to love, to duty, then,
Wherever we may be,
We give ourselves! and doing this,
We give ourselves to thee.

Minot J. Savage.

No. 77.

C. M.

Struggle.

'Tis well, O heart, no life of ease
Before thee opens fair !
That perfect life would fail to please
Which breathed but softer air.

'Tis not when zephyrs kindly blow,
And calmly, sweetly steal ;
When waters musically flow,
And laugh along the keel.

'Tis in the dashing of life's wave,
And in the sudden shock ;
'Tis when the soul, though stout and brave
Is ground upon the rock,

That life's objective port is neared,
Its noblest courses run ;
And souls of men the straightest steered
To Isles of inward Sun.

James H. West.

No. 78.

P. M.

Joy and Pain.

Thank God for Joy ! [spring
For glad, sweet thoughts that flood the soul and
Lark-like into the sky to soar and sing ;
For kindly airs that woo to bud and flower
Thy dormant being, and awake new power
With each new morn ; new purposes that bring
To heart and soul their full and just employ.
Thank God for Joy !

Thank God for Pain,
That shuts thee in in silence ! Wait and know
The rain that breaks the blossom, and lays low
The fair green stalk, doth nourish e'en in grief
The being's root, of future bud and leaf
The guaranty : so shalt thou surely grow
To fairer heights, to nobler powers attain.
Thank God for Pain.

C. W. Bronson.

No. 79.

7s.

Enlisted.

Honored they who firmly stand,
While the conflict presses round ;
The patriot's banner in their hand,
In true service faithful found.

What our foes ? Each thought impure ;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul ;
Every ill that we can cure ;
Every crime we can control ;—

Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage ;
Every evil of our land ;
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field !
He who dies his life shall save ;
The cause of Right shall be our shield,
Victory bless and crown the brave.

Bulfinch.

No. 80.

C. M.

On the Field.

O, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible !

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

O, learn to scorn the praise of men !
O, learn to lose---with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

And right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win :
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

F. W. Faber.

No. 81.

L. M.

The Unreached Ideal.

What matter though we seek with pain
The Garden of the Gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet?

To seek is better than to gain ;
The fond hope dies as we attain.
Life's fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

Our sweet illusions only die,
Fulfilling Love's sure prophecy ;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

O kind allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best !

J. G. Whittier.

No. 82.

8s and 7s.

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won :
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it—press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver :
O, for their sake, press thou on !

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace :
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
Loyal to the calls that ever
Summon thee to heights not won.

S. Johnson.

No. 83.

8s and 7s.

Light in Darkness.

When the gladsome day declineth
And the earth is wrapped in night,
Still down through the darkness shineth
Some fair star to tell of light.

Never is the dark so blinding
But outgleams some feeble ray,
By its light our doubt reminding
That somewhere is the brightest day.

If we, then, through shadow groping,
Stumble on, we then may know—
And our doubting change to hoping—
Only light can shadow throw !

So the night itself, that hideth
From our eyes the sunny sky,
Tells us that the light abideth ;
For the stars still shine on high.

Minot J. Savage.

No. 84.

L. M.

The Allotments of Life, Divine.

Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend :
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

Be this thy care ; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be :
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee !

Samuel Collett.

No. 85.

L. M.

Fate's Master.

Out of the night that covers me—
 Black as the pit from pole to pole.
I thank whatever gods there be
 For my indomitable soul.

In the full clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced or cried aloud ;
Under the direful blows of chance
 My head is stricken but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the mirror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
 Shall find me ever unafraid.

For still, however strait the gate,
 How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my Fate,
 I am the captain of my Soul !

W. E. Henley.

No. 86.

C. H. M.

Eternal Love.

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain,
I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
And all is well again ;
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;—
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 87.

11 and 10s M.

Calm Trust.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,

When the vain cares that vex our life increase ;
Comes with its calm the thought that One is o'er us,
And we grow quiet, filled with perfect peace.

Naught shall affright us, on the Eternal leaning ;

Low in the heart, faith singeth still her song :
Chastened by pain, we learn life's deeper meaning ;
And, in our weakness, trust doth make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows ;

Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
Yet shalt thou praise him, when these darkened furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

No. 88.

C. M.

Assured.

Within the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed state my spirit clings,
I know that God is good.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel and surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

J. G. Whittier.

No. 89.

5. 10. 10. 4.

No Unbelief.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says 'To-morrow,' 'The Unknown,'
'The Future,' trusts that power divine alone
He dares disown.

No. 90.

L. M.

Near.

O, sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spirit-mysteries.

The low and dark horizon lifts ;
To light the scenic terror shifts ;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

Then all our sorrow, pain, and doubt,
A great compassion casts about ;
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then duty leaves to love its task ;
The beggar Self forgets to ask ;
We feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One True Life our own renew.

J. G. Whittier.

No. 91.

C. M.

Psalm of Trust.

I little see, I little know,
Yet I can fear no ill :
Hope, which hath guided me till now,
Will be my leader still.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look in humble faith
Into a larger life to die,
And find new birth in death.

My soul will not be left forlorn ;
I still must find That true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

F. L. Hosmer (adapted).

No. 92.

C. M.

The Faith of Reason.

O for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe ;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt !

Oh, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Bath Collection.

No. 93.

C. M.

The Eternal Harmony.

The world in radiant beauty lies ;
It floats in changing light ;
By day through golden fields it flies,
Star-gemmed it sails by night.

Oh, may we keep the world within
Pure as the world without,
Nor soil its glorious tints by sin,
Nor its high meaning doubt.

For though the sun his face may hide,
And stars be lost in gloom,
Yea, though thy soul in darkness bide,
As fearing coming doom,

Know this : the sun forever pours
Somewhere his cheering ray.
Hold fast thy faith ! these trying hours
Shall end in heaven's own day.

Charles E. Perkins.

No. 94.

C. M., Double.

Clouds.

A lowering sky with heavy clouds
That darken all the day !
'Tis often thus in human life
We walk our clouded way.
But still I know the sun shines on,
Though mist the earth enshrouds :
The sun himself the vapor lifts,
Or there would be no clouds.

It is the sun's glad rays that cast
The shadows wide and deep.
Thus, though I stumble in the dark,
Faith in the light I'll keep.
For he who lifts from marshy lands
These clouds that trail the sky,
Will scatter, melt in rain, or change
To beauty by and by.

M. J. Savage.

No. 95.

C. M.

Hope.

Standing upon the mountain top,
We catch the kindling ray
That reddens in the east, and tells
The coming of the day.

The valleys all in shadow lie,
And dark is every plain :
It seems as if the world's long night
Would never cease its reign.

But when the eastern hill-tops glow,
We know the night is past ;
And, though the valleys still are dark,
The day must come at last.

Thus Hope her cheering lesson reads
In every dawn of day :
How slow soe'er the shadows lift,
The night must pass away.

M. J. Savage.

No. 96.

Love.

O Love, with thy sweet chains
Bind both my hand and heart !
Who knoweth not thy bonds
In freedom hath no part.

'Tis such a bond that holds
Each in its circling round
The suns and golden stars,
Without a jar or sound.

So bind the race of men
In harmony and love,
Till each his orbit fills
Like those that shine above.

M. J. Savage.

No. 97.

II. IO. II. IO.

True Worship.

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother !
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good ;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. Whittier.

No. 98.

S. M.

Duty and Love.

A voice by Jordan's shore !
A summons stern and clear ;
Reform ! be just ! and sin no more
God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear :
Love God ! thy neighbor love ! for see
God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty ! still
Speak forth ; I hear with awe :
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love,
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through duty, let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 99.

L. M.

Fellowship and Sacrifice.

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man hath calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Nazarene's head ;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth " Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth—
Each, in a measure, but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart.

J. G. Whittier.

No. 100.

8.8.8.8.8.

Heart-Flowers.

There is in every human heart
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow ;
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty, this our care.

The heart of man's a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds ;
Flowers, lovely as the morning's light ;
Weeds, deadly as the aconite ;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.

Sir J. Bowring.

No. 101.

L. M.

Love and Law.

One Lord there is, all lords above--
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame !
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me ?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate—

Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.

W. B. Rands.

No. 102.

C. M.

The Law of Love.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has everlasting streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried,

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love.

R. C. Trench.

No. 103.

C. M.

Fellowship.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do,
For those on whom I wait.

My deepest need a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

In service which such love appoints,
There are no bonds for me :
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes such servants free—
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

No. 104.

C. M.

The Bond.

Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of Love.

O Bond of union strong and deep !
O Bond of perfect peace !
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 105.

7s, 6 lines.

The Greatest is Love.

Though I speak with angel tongues
Bravest words of strength and fire,
They are but as idle songs,
If no love my heart inspire,
All the eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

O thou spirit of pure love,
Highest grace of all indeed,
Never from my heart remove ;
Let me all thy impulse heed ;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

No. 106.

C. M.

Brotherly Love.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those in whom love reigns,
In one another's peace delight,
And reap its spiritual gains.

When free from envy, scorn and pride—
All selfishness above,
Each doth his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love.

Love is the golden chain that binds
In fellowship divine
And he's an heir to heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Swain (adapted).

No. 107.

Blessedness.

There is a something sweet and pure—
Through life, through death it may endure :
With steady foot I onward press,
And long to win that Blessedness.

It hath no shadow, this soft light,
But makes each daily duty bright ;
It bids each heart-worn tumult cease,
And sobers joy to quiet peace.

An all-abiding sense of Love,
In silence falling from above ;
A conscience clear from wilful sin,
That hath no subterfuge within :

Fixed duty claiming every power,
And human love to charm each hour—
These, these, my soul, make Blessedness,
I ask no more, I seek no less.

Mrs. L. J. Hall.

No. 108.

C. M.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the erring ones : .
They must have toiled in vain,
Perchance, unkindness made them so :
Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Hanaford.

No. 109.

The Human Brotherhood.

However humble be your lot,
Howe'er your hands are fettered,
You cannot think a noble thought
But all the world is bettered.

With every impulse, deed, or word,
Wherein love blends with duty,
A message speeds along the cord
That gives the earth more beauty.

Your unkind thought, your selfish deed,
Is felt in farthest places ;
There are no solitudes where greed
And wrong can hide their faces.
There are no separate lives : the chain,
Too subtle for our seeing,
Unites us all upon the plane
Of universal being.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

No. 110.

C. M.

Peace.

Spirit of love come fill my heart
With gentleness divine ;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart,
Oh, make the blessing mine !

Above the scenes of storm and strife,
There spreads a region fair ;
Give me to live that higher life
And breathe that purer air.

Allay this feverish, restless mood,
Arrest life's eager chase,
And quench the thirst for earthly good
With thy bedewing grace !

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace
Which flows from pardoned sin ;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

Anonymous.

No. III.

11 and 10s M.

Peace on Earth.

Peace, peace on earth ! the heart of man forever
Through all these weary strifes foretells the day ;
Blessed be God, the hope forsakes him never,
That war shall cease and swords be sheathed for aye.

Peace, peace on earth ! for men shall love each other,
Hosts shall go forth to bless and not destroy ;
For man shall see in every man a brother,
And peace on earth fulfil the angel's joy.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 112.

P. M.

Heralds of Peace.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Nazarene's birth !
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang " Peace on earth ? "
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light, whose beams
A heavenly glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head !
Be near through life and death, .
As in that sacred night
Of hope, of joy, and faith,
O clear and shining light !

O star which led to him, whose love
Brought hope and mercy free !
Where art thou ? ' Mid the host above
May we still gaze on thee ?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim ;
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to him !

Felicia Hemans.

No. 113.

8s and 7s.

Onward !

Shall things withered, fashions olden,
Keep us from life's flowing spring ?
Waits for us the promise golden,
Waits each new diviner thing !

Onward, onward !

Why this faithless tarrying ?

Nearer to these would we venture,
Of all truth more largely take,
Upon life diviner enter,
Into day more glorious break ;
To the ages
Some bequest of victory make !

T. H. Gill.

No. 114.

10.8.10.8.

Onward.

Oh, see'st thou not, thou soul upon this earth,
The Heights on which the Ideal stands?
Some day the curtain shall be drawn for thee,
And thou shalt see her outstretched hands.

She beckons to thee! Nay, soul, do not tarry,
But onward, onward where she leads,
Gird on thy strength, take up the torch of life
And follow her who with thee pleads.

Then ever on to climb the lofty heights,
And faint not by the lonely way;
The mystery of the night is past for thee,
And thou shalt see the radiant day!

Oh, strive to hasten on the gladsome path,
For still with hand outstretched for thine,
Thine Ideal ever waits to lead thee on
And up, unto the Great Divine.

E. Merritt.

Life of Ages.

Life of Ages, richly poured,

Love of God, unspent and free,

Flowing in the Prophet's word

And the People's liberty !

Never was to chosen race

That unstinted tide confined ;

Thine is every time and place,

Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

Breathing in the thinker's creed,

Pulsing in the hero's blood,

Nerving simplest thought and deed,

Freshening time with truth and good.

Consecrating art and song,

Holy book and pilgrim track,

Hurling floods of tyrant wrong

From the sacred limits back—

Life of Ages, richly poured,

Love of God, unspent and free,

Flow still in the Prophet's word

And the People's liberty !

S. Johnson.

No. 116.

7S.

Evolution.

Life of Ages, richly poured,
 Soul of Worlds, unspent and free,
Nature's uncreated Word,
 Atom and Infinity !

Secret of the morning stars,
 Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
 Of the coming spirit's powers !

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
 Stand in nobler Man complete ;
Prescient laws thine errands run,
 Frame a shrine for Godhead meet.

In the touch of earth it thrilled !
 Down from mystic skies it burned !
Right obeyed and passion stilled
 Its eternal gladness earned !

Still the immortal flame upspeeds,
 Kindling words to pure desire :
Where the unerring Spirit leads,
 Ages wonder and aspire.

S. Johnson.

No. 117.

C. M.

Evolution.

The one life thrilled the star-dust through
In misty masses whirled,
Until, globed like a drop of dew,
Shone out a new-made world.

The one life on the ocean shore,
Through primal ooze and slime,
Crept slowly on from less to more
Along the ways of time.

The one life all the ages through
Pursued its wondrous plan,
Till, as the tree of promise grew,
It blossomed into man.

The one life reacheth onward still :
As yet no eye may see
The far-off fact man's dream fulfil--
The glory yet to be.

M. J. Savage.

No. 118.

118 and 108.

Past, Present, Future.

O Earth, thy past is crowned and consecrated
With its Reformers, speaking yet though dead ;
Who unto strife and toil and tears were fated,
Who unto fiery martyrdoms were led.

O Earth, the present, too, is crowned with splendor
By its Reformers, battling in the strife ;
Friends of humanity, stern, strong and tender,
Making the world more hopeful with their life.

O Earth, thy future shall be great and glorious,
With its reformers toiling in the van,
Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And earth be given to freedom and to man.

No. 119.

8s and 7s.

The World's Thinkers.

Honor those whose hands are sowing
 Seed for harvest in good time ;
Reverence those whose thoughts are growing
 Up to ultimates sublime.

All the progress of the ages
 May be traced back to their hands—
All illuminated pages
 Of the books into their plans.

In the stone that waits the turning
 Of some wise hand into sight,
Fiery atoms may be burning
 That shall fill the world with light.

Let us, then, in reverence bowing,
 Honor, most of all mankind,
Such as keep their great thoughts plowing
 Deepest in the field of mind.

Alice Cary.

No. 120.

L. M.

The circling years bring light at last,
On martyr graves fresh wreaths are cast ;
From discord flow serener strains,
And blessings crown our human pains.

As rolls the tide o'er ocean's shore,
As climbs the sun in glory more.
So sweeps the power of God's own truth,
So conquers love's eternal youth.

Hail to the honors not yet won
In paths of progress just begun ;
Leave, leave the past, its narrow strife,
Seek ye the future's grander life.

Edward A. Horton.

No. 121.

8s and 7s, Double.

The Age-Long Battle.

Children of heroic fathers,
We the future's sires must be ;
And the coming generations
Look to us to make them free.
Standing here as this day's sentries,
Set to watch our little time,
Let us hear the past and future
Calling to us to deeds sublime.

Let us hold our lines not only—
Hear the order to advance !
Grasp the shield of Faith not only—
Lift on high Truth's flaming lance !
Fight for every hope that's human,
Fight to shatter every chain,
Fight till every man and woman
Owneth heart and soul and brain.

M. J. Savage.

No. 122.

C. M.

Heirship.

Heir of all ages, I,—

Heir of all that they have wrought !

All their store of emprise high,

All their wealth of precious thought !

Every golden deed of theirs

Sheds its lustre on my way ;

All their labors, all their prayers,

Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned

By their passion and their tears ;

Heir of all that they have learned

Through the weary, toiling years.

Aspirations pure and high ;

Strength to do and to endure ;

Heir of all the ages, I,—

Lo, I am no longer poor !

Julia C. R. Dorr.

No. 123.

C. M.

Many in One.

Many in one, our fathers said :

Many in one, say we :

Of different creeds, of different forms,

Love brings us unity.

Let Science scan earth's open page,

And suns and planets trace ;

Let Art reveal the inner thought

In Nature's forms of Grace.

Let Faith attune the hidden strings

That Science may not sound,

And Future, Past, and Present, bind

In one harmonious round.

From each, from all, may life outflow,

From each and all flow in :

It needs them all to swell the chords

Of life's triumphant hymn.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney (adapted).

No. 124.

L. M.

"Watchman, What of the Night?"

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night ;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires—
These stars have been above us still.

Look backward, how much has been won ;
Look round, how much is yet to win !
The watches of the night are done ;
The watches of the day begin.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 125.

8s and 7s.

The Commonwealth of Man.

How shall come the kingdom holy,
In which all the earth is blest,
That shall lift on high the lowly,
And to weary souls give rest?
Not with trumpet call of legions
Bursting through the upper sky,
Waking earth through all its regions
With their heaven-descending cry :

Not with dash or sudden sally,
Swooping down with rushing wing,
But as, creeping up the valley,
Come the grasses in the spring :
First one blade and then another,
Still advancing are they seen,
Rank on rank, each by its brother,
Till each inch of ground is green.

Through the weary days of sowing,
Burning sun, and drenching shower,
Day by day, so slowly growing,
Comes the waited harvest hour.
So the kingdom cometh ever,
Though it seem so far away ;
Each bright thought and true endeavor
Hastens on the blessed day.

M. J. Savage.

No. 126.

L. M.

The Life that Is to Be !

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be !

Tennyson.

No. 127.

8.7.8.7.D.

The Triumph of Brotherhood.

Years are coming, years are going,
Creeds may change and pass away,
But the power of love is growing
Stronger, surer, day by day.
Be ye as the light of morning,
Like the beauteous dawn unfold,
With your radiant lives adorning
All the world in hues of gold.

Selfish claims will soon no longer
Raise their harsh, discordant sounds,
For the way of love will conquer,
Bursting hatred's narrow bounds ;
Human love will spread a glory
Filling men with gladsome mirth,
Songs of joy proclaim the story
Of a fair, transfigured earth.

Gustav Spiller.

No. 128.

C. M.

Equality.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

Oh, let men hasten to restore
To all their rights of love ;
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.

Harriet Martineau.

No. 129.

7s.

Brotherhood.

They who walk on firmer land
To the mired may reach the hand ;
Dwellers in the golden light
May fling radiance down the night ;
Strong of limb may help the weak,
Clear of eye the path may seek,
Pure of heart may lift the stain,
Firm of nerve may soothe the pain.

All below from all above
May take healing, light, and love—
Such the law of kith and kin,
Written full on all within ;
Every fibre's joy or pain
Vibrates to that golden strain ,
Every spring of human blood
Flows with human brotherhood.

No. 130.

8.7.8.7.

The City of the Light.

Have you heard the golden city
Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told.

Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building stones.

But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with the years.

It will be, at last, made perfect,
In the universal plan,
It will help to crown the labors
Of the toiling hosts of man.

It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right,
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler.

No. 131.

L. M.

The Coming People.

These things shall be ! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
With flower of freedom in their souls,
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New hearts shall bloom of loftier mould
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be
For happier men when we are gone :
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

J. A. Symonds.

No. 132.

S. M.

The Commonwealth of Man.

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love !
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign ;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God !
And make the broad earth thine,
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Jolins.

No. 133.

C. M.

The City of God.

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,
With never fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

S. Johnson.

No. 134.

7s and 6s.

Brotherhood.

Let all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day.

Let all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
 In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray :
Then shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away !
O sweet anticipation !
 It cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

No. 135.

D. C. M.

It Will All Come Out Right.

Whatever is a cruel wrong,
Whatever is unjust,
The honest years that speed along
Will trample in the dust,
In restless youth I railed at fate
With all my puny might,
But now I know if I but wait
It all will come out right.

Though poor and loveless creeds may pass
For pure religion's gold,
Though ignorance may rule the mass,
While truth meets glances cold—
I know a law, complete, sublime,
Controls us with its might,
And in God's own appointed time
All will come out right.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

No. 136.

C. M.

The Church Universal.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 137.

7s and 6s.

Light for All.

The light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may ;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day,
So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As the waters fill the sea.

Then, let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright ;
The truth which man discovers
Shall spread like heaven's own light,
Till earth becomes God's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

Anon.

No. 138.

7s and 6s.

The Religion of the Future.

There are still higher vistas
Which open to your eyes,
There's light beyond the mist, as
In symbols truth still lies.
Religion's consummation
Through truth is yet to be,
The truth will bring salvation,
The truth will make us free.

We reverence tradition,
And heed inspired men's
Prophetic intuition,
But seek higher evidence.
There is but one foundation,
But one sure ground, forsooth :
It is the revelation
Of science and its truth !

Here is the rock of ages,
The universal norm,
Which stars and motes engages
Determining their form.
Here God in His creation—
Eternal law revealed—
This is the sole foundation,
That ne'er can break nor yield.

Paul Carus.

No. 139.

8s and 7s.

"In all Ages entering into Holy Souls."

Light of ages and of nations!

Every race and every time,
Hath received thine inspirations,

Glimpses of thy truth sublime.

Ever spirits in rapt visions

Passed the heavenly veil within,
Ever hearts bowed in contrition

Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noblest aspiration

Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,

Or proclaimed the eternal law.

While thine inward revelations

Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations

Spoke thine everlasting word.

Yea, that word abideth ever;

Revelation is not sealed;

Answering unto man's endeavor,

Truth and Right are still revealed.

That which came to ancient sages,

Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,

Written in the heart's deep pages,

Shines to-day, forever new!

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 140.

C. M.

E Pluribus Unum.

Many in one, our fathers said ;
Many in one, say we :
Of different creeds, of differing forms,
Love brings us unity.

Let Science scan the open page
Of sky and sea and land,
And tell the secrets written there
By Time's mysterious hand.

Let Faith attune the hidden strings
That Science cannot sound ;
And Future, Past and Present bind
In one harmonious round.

From each, from all, may life outflow,
To each and all flow in :
It needs us all to swell the chords
Of life's triumphant hymn.

E. D. Cheney.

No. 141.

C. M.

Prophets of Truth.

Be thankful for the star that rose
O'er old Judea bright ;
And that its deathless ray still shines,
To fill our souls with light.

Be thankful, too, that other stars
O'er other lands have shone,
To guide the struggling feet of those
Who lifeward struggle on.

So, many names of saving power,
To many lands are given ;
And each new truth that lifts the world
Makes of it more a heaven.

M. J. Savage (adapted).

No. 142.

105.

The Bible of Nature.

The fossils in the rocks I count my prize—
More eloquent by far than o'erwrit "Text!"
They are God's own Epistle for man's eyes,
Not records fifty scribbling monks have vext.

And yonder lights! O tireless-swinging Orbs!
Not in a trillion years one hair's-breadth free
From paths the Energy which all absorbs
Marked out from vast eternities for thee!—

A "Bible" ye indeed! wherein I scan
Forces which never tire, retrace nor bend;—
From which I solve, or seem to solve, for Man,
The Law on-urging him to some fine end.

Ample for me is Nature's hourly wealth,
Her present wonders—helpful, lavish, sure!
With these, and open eyes, my soul finds health;
Through life and death my victories endure.

James H. West.

No. 143.

7s and 6s.

The Church of the Ideal.

O Church of our ideal,
The human, the divine,
With what a peerless lustre
Thy haunting towers shine !
Thou drawest our souls to thee,
As draws our eyes a star ;
And still we follow after
Where thou dost lead afar.

The trusts of all past ages
Have gone into thy walls ;
The hope of ages coming
For thy completion calls.
By all that's grandly human,
By all in us divine,
In living and in dying,
Our hearts, our souls, are thine.

M. J. Savage.

No. 144.

8s and 7s.

Truth in All.

Only through Judean voices
Does the Eternal speak to men ?
Nay, but all the earth rejoices
That he spoke, and speaks again.

Only in the past appearing,
Did he his great plans unfold ?
Nay, the modern world He's nearing
Ever new and ever old.

Only in the inspiration
Of one book does he appear ?
Nay, all truth in every nation
Is His writing, grand and clear.

All the earth is his one altar,
Every tribe his priest and child ;
Utterance high and words that falter
In one aim are reconciled.

M. J. Savage.

No. 145.

IOS.

Not to be Bound by any Sect or Creed.

Not to be bound by any sect or creed,

Not to be shackled by the enslaving past,

To keep the soul's horizon whole and vast,
Quick to advance wherever truth may lead—
Each day to dare a new spontaneous deed,

By no consistency or custom classed,

And over which no shade of fear is cast—

This is the noble life, the life indeed !

W. W. Story.

No. 146.

4. 10. 10. 4.

A Birthday Hymn.

Art Thou the Life?

To Thee, then, do I owe each beat and breath,
And wait thy ordering of my hour of death
In peace or strife.

Art Thou the Light?

To Thee, then, in the sunshine or the cloud,
Or in my chamber lone or in the crowd,
I lift my sight.

Art Thou the Truth!

To Thee, then, loved and craved and sought of yore,
I consecrate my manhood o'er and o'er,
As erst my youth.

Art Thou the Strong?

To Thee, then, though the air be thick with night,
I trust the seeming-unprotected right,
And leave the Wrong.

Art Thou the Wise ?

To Thee, then, would I bring each useless care,
And bid my soul unsay her idle prayer,
 And hush her cries.

Art Thou the Good ?

To Thee, then, with a thirsting heart I turn,
And at Thy fountain stand, and hold my urn.
 As aye I stood.

Forgive the call !

I cannot shut Thee from my sense or soul,
I cannot lose me in the boundless whole—
 For Thou art All.

E. Abbot, Ph. D.

No. 147.

L. M.

The Religion of Science.

Upon religion's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine ;
And, as time hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year will science soar :
And, as it soars, religious light
Grows pure and purer evermore.

Old narrowness must pass away ;
To purer heights we shall ascend.
Though superstition has its day,
The truth will conquer in the end.

More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Religion shall o'erflow the world.

Flow to restore, but not destroy,
As when the sun at break of day
Pours out his flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

Paul Carus.

No. 148.

S. M.

The New Year.

What shall the New Year bring,
O Friend, to you and me ?
If we may choose some precious thing
What shall our choosing be ?

While yet we gazing stand,
A solemn curtain lifts ;
We hear a voice of soft command---
“ Desire the greater gifts.”

And, piercing past all show,
We see the substance fair
Of all it might be ours to know,
To be and do and bear !

O Depth and Height of life,
May we inherit thee,
Which all this fretful, empty strife
Forbids our eyes to see !

Caroline J. Bartlett.

No. 149.

S. M.

New Year.

New Year ! new Life, new Love
 New Hope's fair prophecy,
New Earth around, and Heavens above
 Veiled in soft mystery !

O deep and boundless Love !
 O Life more full and free !
O Hopes, in fairer colors wove,
 This New Year's gift are ye.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 150.

C. M., Double.

The Hymn of Summer.

How glad the time when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in their bowers.

The morn sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing ;
And always since creation's dawn
The stars together sing.

Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus join? No : let us sing ;
And, while our voices rise,
Oh, let our lives, great God ! breathe forth
A constant melody,
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee !

J. Richardson.

No. 151.

L. M.

A Harvest Song.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

O favors every year made new !
O blessings with the sunshine sent !
The bounty overruns our due ;
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

J. G. Whittier.

No. 152.

7s.

The Gospel of Spring.

Lo, the earth again is risen,
Living, from its wintry prison ;
Bring we flower and leaf and spray
To adorn our holiday !

Over again the word comes true :
Lo, he maketh all things new !
Now the dark, cold days are o'er;
Light and gladness are before.

How our hearts leap with the Spring !
How our spirits soar and sing !
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 153.

8s and 7s.

Easter.

Sing we now our hymns of gladness
On this happy Easter morn ;
Sing of life—the life immortal,
Life that out of death is born.

Death is conquered, and we conquer,
When to holy life we rise—
That is life, and life immortal,
That the life which never dies.

Samuel Longfellow.

No. 154.

C. M.

The Spirit of Jesus.

Immortal by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air :
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,
That life of duty here---
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear.

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart thyself shall own
The will divine obey.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

No. 155.

8s and 7s.

Christmas.

Out of every clime and nation,
Under many a holy name,
To the social heart's religion,
Glad and good for aye the same :
So we in this happy Christmas,
Breathe a universal creed,
Clasping hands with distant ages,
In a brotherhood indeed.

Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices,
Shout, O new world free and strong :
Hail of light the deathless triumph,
Join the old world's birthday song.
Glory be to God, the Highest,
Peace on earth, goodwill to men !
'Twas the morning stars that pealed it,
Let the world respond again.

Adapted.

No. 156.

P. M.

Heroes.

Praise to the heroes who struck for the right,
When freedom and truth were defended in fight :
Of blood-shedding hirelings the deeds were abhorred,
But the patriot smites, and we honor his sword.

Praise to the martyrs who died for the right,
Nor ever bowed down at the bidding of might :
Their ashes were cast all abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings they won for mankind.

William Johnson Fox (adapted).

No. 157.

Fatherland.

To thee, O Fatherland,
Bond of our heart and hand,
From love deep, pure and strong

Rolls our high song.

May all thy pathways be
Highways of Liberty,
And Justice, throned in thee,
Reign ages long !

And thou, O God of Right,
The Lord, whose arm of might,
In storm and battle-roar,
Our fathers bore—

Thou mad'st their children strong
To break the chains of wrong,
Till rang the Freeman's song
From shore to shore.

Free as our rivers flow,
Pure as our breezes blow,
Strong as our mountains stand,

Be our broad land !

Bright home of Liberty,
High hope of all the free—
Our love thy watch-tower be,
Dear Fatherland !

J. V. Blake.

No. 158.

National Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—

 Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let Freedom ring !

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—

 Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of Liberty—

 To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King !

S. F. Smith.

No. 159.

8s and 7s.

Decoration Day.

We remember thee, O brave ones
Who for truth and country bled !
And, though with us here no longer,
Still we cannot think thee dead.

Ye are living, though the grasses
Green above your graves may be :
Ye are living in the glory
Of a people that is free ;

Ye are living in the comrades
That your faith and valor knew ;
Ye shall live in all the future,
While to right all men are true.

For no deed heroic faileth
Ever from the hearts of men :
Each new year it springeth upward,
Young with endless life again.

M. J. Savage.

No. 160.

6s and 4s.

Strength. Love, Light.

O thou almighty Will !
Weak are thy children till
Thou come with power !
Strength of our good intents,
In our frail hour Defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come in this hour !

O thou most tender Love !
Deep in our spirits move :
Tarry, dear Guest !
Quench thou our passion's fire,
Raise thou each low desire,
Deeds of brave love inspire,
Quickness and Rest !

O Light serene and still !
Come and our spirits fill,
Bring in the day :
Guide of our feeble sight,
Star of our darkest night,
Shine on the path of right,
Show us thy way !

Tr. from King Robert of France.

No. 161.

7 and 6s M.

Consider the Lilies.

He hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air ;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee ;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As, brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man !
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows,
We hear thy wide worlds echo,
See how the lily grows !

William C. Gannett.

No. 162.

L. M.

God Everywhere.

Father and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be :
But this we know—that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

And through the various maze of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought—
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

Sir John Bowring.

No. 163.

L. M.

Closing Hymn.

Now, as the parting hour is nigh,
In our last song, with glad refrain,
To God on earth and in the sky
We lift both voice and heart again.

Soon may that blessed morn arise
When, o'er the earth, from east to west,
Thy light shall flood the earth and skies,
And all mankind in thee be blest !

M. J. Savage.

No. 164.

L. M.

Closing Hymn.

Now as we rise to close in song
The service of this sacred hour,
May we with purpose fixed and strong,
To life its inspirations dower.

Here where high thoughts our spirits feed,
Where reverent awe the heart now fills,
May strength, as from the eternal hills,
Be ours to meet each daily need.

May light that guides to Truth and Right
On our receptive minds descend,
And love divine, with quickening might,
Abide and bless us to the end.

A. W. Martin.

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